

BREATHE

By

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2015

2nd Draft: 22 March 2015

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dozens of people fill the house. All dressed in black suits and dresses. It is a funeral.

FRANK, mid 80's, sits alone on a couch. He stares at a blank space. Everyone is huddled in their own conversations ignoring him, expect...

PASTOR JAMES, who stands off to the side of the room. He is finishing off a plate of food. He comes up next to the couch, placing the plate on the side table. He reaches out his hand.

JAMES

I'm sorry for your loss Frank.

He waits for a response or an offer to sit down. Nothing.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I can't even begin to describe or even comprehend what you're going through. It must be tough.

He takes the seat next to Frank.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You see a lot of death in my line of work. I've experienced death in my personal life, but nothing compared to losing a soul mate. Someone that you spent over half your life with. There must be a part of you that is missing.

He waits. Trying to pull him into the conversation.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Over the past few weeks your family and friends have come in for counseling. The thing I tell them about death is that it takes time for us to heal. But the good news is that it takes us away from all the bad and wickedness of this world. There's no more pain or suffering.

He waits once again for a response. Nothing. He reaches his hand up placing it on Frank's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Frank, my advice and knowledge that I can pass on.

Frank turns looking at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You need to be constructive. Do things that keep your mind going, those gears up there turning. That way you don't get too focused on the bad and negative of what has happened. Otherwise if you don't, you'll end up down a bad road. Once you're there, it's very hard to come back from that.

James gets up. He straightens up his suit.

JAMES

My door is always open. I am here for you if you need it.

TIME CUT TO:

HOURS LATER

The crowd of people start to fade away.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank still sits on the couch looking at nothing. He is completely alone now.

His son, FRANK JR. enters the room. He stands off to the side looking at his father. He is standoffish. He is putting on his coat, getting ready to leave.

FRANK JR.

Dad, everything is cleaned up and put away. We're about to heat out, I have a meeting first thing in the morning, and the kids have a game tomorrow. I'll be by later this week to check in on you. Some of the neighbors said they were going to bring some dinner around for you over the next couple of days. That way you don't have to cook.

He stands one foot ready to leave the other wanting to stay.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK JR.

Is there anything else that you
need?

Frank just sits there. Long pause of silence. Frank Jr.
turns away. He leaves the old man alone.

Frank sits there as the headlights from the car drive
away. He stays motionless for sometime.

After a while. Frank gets up leaving the living room.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Lights cut on. A bed perfectly made. Frank stands in the
door way. He enters.

He sits on one side of the bed. He looks down at the
pillows. His hands run over the indentation's of the
pillows. Frank gets up from the bed.

RUNNING WATER. A light streams across the floor.

Frank appears in the door way looking at the empty bed. He
is brushing his teeth.

Frank shuts off the WATER, then the light. Frank emerges
from the door way in his night clothes. He shuffles over to
the bed. He sits down on the bed. He cuddles up pulling a
pillow close to him. The lamp on the night table remains
on.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Frank is dressed in normal clothes for a day. He leaves his
bedroom. He starts down the hallway, but stops at an open
doorway.

INT. HOUSE - SEWING ROOM - CONTINUED

Frank stands in the doorway. He stares into the
room. After a while he takes a step in.

He starts to look at all the projects that his late wife was
working on. He carefully over a quilt. He lifts it up
inspecting it. He places it down stopping at a military
ribbon rack.

(CONTINUED)

His finger trace over each ribbon. His eyes close remembering. His lifts up the shadow case, an old faded piece of paper falls out. He sets the case back down. He bends down picking up the letter.

He opens it up as he blindly finds a seat at the sewing machine.

FRANK (V.O.)
My dearest.

FADE TO:

EXT. NORMANDY - BOAT - MORNING

Grey skies. Silent.

FRANK (V.O.)
I've missed you very very much
since that last night we were
together, and will hold that night
especially in my memories for years
to come.

Dozens of soldiers fill the boat. A young Frank sits near the back. He has one hand over his helmet, head down. The other hand is a letter with a picture.

FRANK (V.O.)
I've been turning it over in my
mind lately. I've read your letter
through at least four times, and
will probably read it more times
before I'm through. I've been
sitting here looking at your
picture and getting more home sick
every minute. I've wanted that
picture more than anything else I
know of, except of course you
yourself. I keep wishing I could
be home with you. I want to leave
in the worst possible way so I
could come home to see you, but
things don't look so good on that
subject.

Frank places the letter in his pocket. He picks up his rifle. He looks forward, ready.

The boat hits the beach. The ramp lowers. Dozens of soldiers pour out of the boat. Bullets fly, hitting soldiers as some fall. Other jump over the side of the boat. Each one scrambles to make it to safety.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (V.O.)

This war has spoiled a lot of things for everyone I guess. I've never been so lonesome in my life as I am right now. I'm completely lost without you darling.

Frank leaves the boat. He runs as fast as he can to safety.

FRANK (V.O.)

I never realized I could miss anyone person so much. I just hope it won't be too much longer till I'm able to be with you again, and live a sane and normal life.

Frank runs. There's an explosion in front of him. Sand and fire kick up as he is sent flying backwards. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits at the head of the table, stubble on his face. Frank Jr. sits a couple of chairs down from him. Fast food boxes cover the table. The two sit there, eating in silence.

FRANK JR.

I brought all the items from storage. They're in the garage. You need to look through everything. Decide what you want to keep and what you want to throw out.

Frank doesn't acknowledge his son. He sits there lost in his own thoughts.

FRANK JR. (CONT'D)

Whatever you don't want I'll donate.

Frank Jr. looks at his father, then back at his plate. He plays around with his food for a few seconds.

FRANK JR.

Dad, I don't want to tell you how to grieve. But you really need to talk to someone.

(CONTINUED)

Frank doesn't say a word. Frank Jr. finishes eating the last of his noodles. He gets up taking his plate to the kitchen.

FRANK JR.

I'll be back in a few days to get the stuff you don't want.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The garage door opens giving light to the black space.

Boxes fill the garage. Each box is labeled "STORAGE". Frank enters the garage. He looks at all the boxes. He moves to an easy to reach box. It is already open.

He starts to shift through it. He runs across an item, an old bombers helmet. Tears swell in his eyes. He digs deeper into the box finding a pair of goggles and another helmet. Something hits him...

RAGE. Frank rips the box down. Then goes to another pushing it over. CHAOS. Frank pushes and tearing down all the boxes that he can. As each fall they give way to a green tarp.

Frank gives out. He collapses on the floor. He breaths heavily. The tarp catches his eye. He climbs to his feet. He makes his way towards the tarp. His fingers run across it.

He moves all the boxes away from the tarp. He rips the tarp away, kicking up dust as it gives way to...

A 1950 Harley Davidson pan head. It is rusted, missing parts. An unfinished project. Frank's hand runs over every inch of the machine. His eyes closed imagining it in its glory days.

INTER CUT: Younger Frank and his wife as they are riding, wind blowing through their hair.

Frank's eyes open. He starts to look around trying to find other parts of the machine. He finds some parts. Each one he finds he places it next to the machine. Once he has found all the parts, he takes inventory in his head.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

MONTAGE: Frank is fixing/repairing the Harley. The boxes are now gone. The bike takes center floor of the garage. The bike starts as a skeleton. Then starts to take form growing muscle and meat. At the end sits the finished bike, magnificent.

Frank stands there looking at his work. He sits on the machine. He starts the machine... success. A smile stretches across his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - PASTOR OFFICE - DAY

James sits behind his desk. He is looking over paperwork. Frank appears in the door way. He knocks. James looks up.

JAMES
(surprised)
Frank, come in.

James gets up to greet Frank holding out his hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What bring you by today?

Frank steps into the office. He shakes his hand, then takes a seat.

FRANK
The day of the funeral, you talked about counseling.

James looks a little confused.

JAMES
You're here for counseling?

FRANK
No, not really.

JAMES
Just company then?

FRANK
I'm here more for questions.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Depends on the question Frank, but
I'll do my best to answer them.

Frank sits back. Pulling the question from the back of his
mind.

FRANK

Over the past few weeks, I've been
thinking about death. A lot. With
that it brings up the question
about what's after this?

Frank motions around the entire room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I mean is there a heaven? I just
want to know if there is something
more to it than this life.

James leans back. It looks like he has been hit with a ton
of bricks.

JAMES

That is a hard question to answer
Frank. I don't preach too much
about that subject in this
church. But the bible does state
that there is an afterlife.

(beat)

I have been trained, when asked, to
say yes there is an afterlife and
heaven does exist.

FRANK

But I am asking, is that what you
believe?

JAMES

To be honest with you. I don't
know what's beyond this life. You
know, the worst when we die is we
go some place silent and there's
nothing. At best we become
angels. I like to believe that we
serve a purpose here. That there
is more out there. That's the
essence of faith, trust in the
unknown.

A smile comes across Frank's face.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Thank you, for everything. I have
to go now.

Frank gets up taking out an envelope from his pocket. He places it on the desk. James picks it up looking at it.

JAMES

What's this?

FRANK

A donation.

Frank extends his hand. James gets up clasping his hand with Frank's.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have a promise to keep.

JAMES

Good luck Frank.

FADE TO:

EXT. DESSERT - DAY

Vast empty dessert.

Frank stands alone with his bike. There is nothing around for miles. Frank looks around surveying the land. A smile creeps across his face. He is pleased.

He places a leather bombers hat on. Then a pair of ridiculous goggles. He gets on the bike. His fingers running over it once more. He starts the engine.

He lies on the gas tank. The PURR of the engine hums through the machine. His eyes close as he listens.

INTER CUT: Beaches of Normandy. Soldiers storming the beach. Frank's home coming. His wife greets him. The wedding. Having children. Graduation. He is there for the grandchildren. Frank's life flashes before his eyes.

FRANK (V.O.)

I never realized I could miss
anyone person so much. I just hope
it won't be too much longer till
I'm able to be with you again.

(CONTINUED)

Frank's eyes open up. Tears streaming down his face. He released the kickstand. Pulling his goggles down over his eyes. Smile still on his face. He pulls on the throttle. The bike lunges forward like a rocket. Dust fills the space he once was.

Frank doesn't look back. He is crouched down low to the bike. A trail of dust behind him. The bike takes off as it disappears into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Black.

The big bang. An explosion. Billions of stars. Galaxies being formed.

Focus on a star. Bright white light.

CUT TO BLACK.